



To-day the annual bench show of the Washington Kennel Club to last four days will open in the Northern Liberty Market Hall in the National Capital. The show promises to eclipse all former events in extent and interest. The regular premiums aggregate \$4,000, and is divided among 169 breeds and classes. Washington business men also offer numerous special prizes for favorite breeds.

THE WORLD'S FAIR

Magnificently Executed in

Lovely Dry Goods.

By a Professional Chicago Decorator.

The Handsomest Dress Goods Stock in America.

Perfect in its completeness and wonderful in its cheapness.

You are cordially invited to the above great event and must not miss it.

No importunity to buy.

Dassett & Co.
WRECKERS OF HIGH PRICES

NEW GOODS
In Every Department.

We have never had such a large stock.

Prices are always the lowest.

Stock of
Tinware and Granite Iron
is complete.

3 patterns of decorated English Porcelain.
Make sets to suit trade in price and quantity.

HAVILAND & CO.

White French China.

EXQUISITE SHAPE.

Next week we offer Big Job Lot of decorated plates.

Bryan & Sandy

THE SUNDAY SIDE.

The world has many a joy to give,
Many a scene of calm and bliss,
Of refuge and rest for the troubled breast.
We blindly miss.
And in darkness and gloom we creep alone,
Lamenting ever the light denied.
That would soon shine to did we once begin
To walk through life on the Sunday side.
The week-day troubles and week-day toll,
Like a dark misty cloud the way,
And the gods we love, as we daily prove,
But better things we may hope to reach.
If we follow the steps of a better guide,
For the life is vain that does not contain
A little bit of the Sunday side.

The houses we build may far excel
The costly palaces of the east,
And jewels most rare and blossoms fair
May grace the feast.
But it is not home in the sweetest sense,
If the doors and windows so long and wide
And the hearts that within their fancy spin,
Open not out on the Sunday side.

For 'tis all a folly and all a waste
To spend our lives, as it were, for naught,
The good to aim, and to have not one
Uplifting thought.

And where is the world 'tis our lot to dwell,
In rustic cottage, or hall of pride,
There's a chance, I'm sure, for us all to secure
The life is vain that does not contain
A little bit of the Sunday side.

—Josephine Pollard, in Ladies' Home Journal.

THE DESERT TRAMP.

Incidents of Nomad Life in the
Land of Thirst.

Pleanty of Food in Spite of the Aridity—
Instructed in Applying for Work—
Got a Beefsteak in Harsh
Fashion.

Although tramps are plenty in all parts of the United States, the people of the desert mining camps that, like Daggett, California, are located on railroads, believe that three times as many can be found there in proportion to the population as in any other part of the country. Wretched as this country is as a site for human habitation, devoid of all human necessities—devoid, even, of water save at the stations—and cursed with a climate all but intolerable, a day never passes without a tramp coming to the doors of some of the houses and begging for food. Nor do they confine themselves to begging. They browbeat and terrorize women found alone in their homes and the Chinese cooks employed in restaurants and kitchens, very much as tramps do elsewhere, and this, too, in spite of the reputation which desert men have for taking the law in their own hands in dealing with such cases.

Then, too, the reputation of the average desert tramp as a man-killer is undeserved. There are desperadoes on the desert, and they do the killing, as a rule. The men who have wives and kitchens are not desperadoes. They are respectable citizens, willing to endure great privations in the hope of a future competence. They are like respectable citizens elsewhere in their slowness to take a bloody revenge for a personal injury. The tramps know this very well, and act on their knowledge. In a journey that included the wildest towns on the Mojave desert the writer did not hear of a single tramp who had been killed for his misdeeds, nor did he find more than one house that was at all free from their visits, and that house did not enjoy entire immunity. It was left comparatively free, however, because of the vigorous treatment which the nomad received at the hands of its master.

Mr. J. W. S. Perry, of Daggett, is the superintendent of a borate of lime mine in the Calico mountains, nine miles from there. His office is in his house there where he lives with his wife, who, during most of the year, keeps no servant. When they first came there the tramps swarmed about the house. Mrs. Perry is a California girl, and could not bear to have a man who asked for food in respectful language. But one day came a tramp to the kitchen door who was not respectful. He walked right in without a word. As luck had it Mr. Perry happened to walk in at the dining-room at the same instant.

Superintendents of desert mines are accustomed to dealing with all kinds of men and are particularly prompt in action.

"What do you want?" said Perry to the tramp.

"I came to see you about getting a job," replied the tramp, who was trying to make the best of a bad case.

"And you thought the way to get work was to come around to the kitchen door and enter without knocking, did you?" The tramp made no reply, and Mr. Perry continued:

"I will conduct you to the office door and show you how to get in there in a proper way."

At that Perry turned the tramp around, kicked him out the kitchen door, kicked him around the house to the office door and stood him up there and said:

"Now knock on the door."

The man knocked and Perry opened it and entered.

"Come in," he said, and the tramp followed.

"Do you want work or have you got rather more than you wanted?" Perry continued.

The man glanced up and then said, "Perry is his footer, who can kick like a desert mule."

It was a long time before Mrs. Perry was troubled by tramps again; but, of course, there was no escaping them altogether. Even the purchase of a perfectly intelligent and well-trained dog did not keep them away altogether. Mr. Perry had to drive to the mine, nine miles away, several times a week, and the wife was often left alone for several hours at a time. One afternoon something at the mine detained Perry so that he could not reach home until after dark. Mrs. Perry understood the matter, and did not begin to prepare supper until after midnight. She was going to broil a steak that night, and having lit the fire and a lamp, was putting the broiler on at the

open kitchen door, having in some way escaped the dog. The frightened look that came to Mrs. Perry's face as she once showed him that he was master of the situation, and, sitting down at the table, he bade her go on and get the steak ready in haste and to fetch out the best of everything she had in addition. The bearing of the man was so terrifying that Mrs. Perry did not dare to refuse, and, greatly agitated, she brought the steak and put it over the glowing coals. The other work was also continued, the man meantime cursing her for being slow so continually that he did not hear the wheels of a buckboard that was driven up to the rear of the house nor did Mrs. Perry hear them.

The buckboard contained Mr. Perry, and he could hear the words of the tramp very plainly. Dropping the steak he walked silently toward the kitchen door just as Mrs. Perry approached the stove with a quart shaker full of powdered salt. She poised the shaker, and by accident shook the cover off so that more than a pint of salt fell on the meat, glanced at the floor and saw her husband coming, and then fell in a dead faint beside the stove.

Without a word Perry entered the room, and, walking to the table, picked up the carving knife, while the tramp fell on his knees and begged for life. That was the only move that could save his life. Perry could not kill a man who begged for mercy, but he could and did give him a frightful return for the misery Mrs. Perry had endured. For a month he considered how he could punish the fellow, and then his eyes fell on the stove.

The steak was bubbling on top and seething below over the red-hot coals, while the salt in a brownish heap lay on the middle.

"Hold out your hands flat," said Perry. The tramp obeyed, and with the knife and fork Perry placed the steak upon their palms. The man shrieked with pain, but dared not drop it.

"You ordered the steak 'quick,' and you shall have it," said Perry. "Now eat it."

With the ready knife before his eyes the tramp looked at the steak and at the salt, and then disappeared in the night. The eastern reader may think that after such an experience the tramp fled on the desert next day, but he didn't, and the chances are that by exhibiting his burned hands and telling some pitiful story about them he obtained more square meals during the next week than he had had in three months before. That Perry was justified in his treatment of the man no one doubts who knows the desert and its nomads.

Although rarely if ever done to death by the citizens on whom they prey, more tramps die violent deaths in this country than elsewhere. Because the country is a desert they must ride on the cars in the hot months. There is a curious rule among the railroads of the whole Rocky mountain region that works to the advantage of the tramps. The Indians of the region are allowed to ride free on the outside of and between the cars. It is "great grass" for the tramp who finds a group of Pilots or Shoshones on a train. The tramps do not notice the addition to the group, and the Indians are not unlikely to share their food with the tramp. But Indians are not often found on the railroads in this part of the desert, while tramps are as plentiful as sandstorms. A train never goes over the road without carrying tramps or without a fight between them and the tramps. The utter recklessness of the tramps in stealing rides is enough to unnerve the inexperienced spectator. It is useless for them to try to board a train that is standing at a station in the daytime, so they walk up the track and wait there till the train has started and attained a speed at which it would be dangerous for an ordinary man to try to climb on or even jump from the platform, and then, grasping the rods that brace the floor timbers of a car, they swing themselves under and land on the brake beams. This is done to some extent by tramps in the east, but railroad men say that the tramps

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

here can board a "brake beam" on a train going from twenty-five to thirty miles an hour. The tourist hears this told so often and so candidly that he is obliged to believe it. But sooner or later the nerve or the muscle of the tramp fails, and he drops under the wheels. So many tramps are killed by the trains that the local papers give no more attention to events of the kind than New York papers give to the maiming of children by recklessly driven trucks. The stories of railroad accidents on the desert are telegraphed to the east only when the lives of passengers have been lost, so eastern readers do not hear about the killed tramps; but a railroad man told the writer that out of seven collisions involving freight trains, with the details of which he was familiar, tramps had been killed in four.—N. Y. Sun.

A Great Discovery.

William Gilbert, who lived during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, was the most distinguished English scientist of his time. He was a physician of great skill and had an extensive practice, but found time to pursue studies not directly connected with his profession. Magnetism received much attention from him, and he wrote a Latin treatise on this subject which gave him enduring fame. The theories advanced in it were new and much of them are still in vogue. He was attracted by the whole of the subject, and it is this which explains his interest in the history of magnetic science. Gilbert included Gilbert among the "Worthies of England," and predicted truly how he would be afterward saved from oblivion. "Mahomet's tomb at Mecca," he says, "is said strangely to have been attracted by some invisible loadstone, but the memory of this doctor will never fall to the ground which his incomparable book, 'De Magnete' will support eternally."—Chicago News.

The Pope as a Poet.

A correspondent tells how, at a recent interview, the pope showed him a copy of a volume of his poems that had recently been published. It was very magnificently printed and bound and ornamented with charmingly tinted vignettes and initials. A preface, written by Enrico Vailie, S. J., the tramp who finds a group of Pilots or Shoshones on a train. The tramps do not notice the addition to the group, and the Indians are not unlikely to share their food with the tramp. But Indians are not often found on the railroads in this part of the desert, while tramps are as plentiful as sandstorms. A train never goes over the road without carrying tramps or without a fight between them and the tramps. The utter recklessness of the tramps in stealing rides is enough to unnerve the inexperienced spectator. It is useless for them to try to board a train that is standing at a station in the daytime, so they walk up the track and wait there till the train has started and attained a speed at which it would be dangerous for an ordinary man to try to climb on or even jump from the platform, and then, grasping the rods that brace the floor timbers of a car, they swing themselves under and land on the brake beams. This is done to some extent by tramps in the east, but railroad men say that the tramps

Don't Cough, and Hawk and Spit until you disgust everybody around you, but get a bottle of Plantation Cough Syrup and be cured. Why not try it? Sold and guaranteed satisfactory by Blakemore Bros., Hopkinsville, and F. W. Owen, Kelly, Ky.

A TIMELY SUGGESTION!

Our proclamation and declaration of the overwhelmingly better and grander bargains than ever to be placed on sale this week. The great public trust us. The people's confidence shall not be misplaced.

Silks.
We thought we had beautiful silks last season, our customers thought so too, and bought them, but when we look at the ones received this week, we know that nothing of silk kind ever equaled them. Words fail us for description, come and see them and you will acknowledge the justice of our enthusiasm.

Fine Wool Dress Goods.
More beautiful than ever. Alligator cutting silk and French novelties, with all the changing colors of a Summer's sunset, softly blending into one delightful tint. Eplinglines with tiny threads of silk in contrasting color, lighting up the dark ground like the smile on the face, one thought pleads in repose.

New Gloves.
New Spring shades in Ladies' Bairritz Kid Gloves in Navy, Green, Brown Tan, &c. A beautiful line of two-tone goods with large Buttons to match. Sticking on back, they will please you.

Novelties.
Never in the history of this city has such a grand collection of Foreign and Domestic Novelties been shown under one roof in Hosiery, we have the new and leading shades. Embroideries have never been half so exquisite, and by the way, prices are lower this season than ever. Fans and Parasols are simply superb.

Black Goods.
We show the grandest line to be found anywhere. All the new weaves, Whip Cords, Tiny Dotted, Eplinglines and Lophophore, Serges, &c.

Shoes.
We have added largely to our present stock, and now show a beautiful line of Oxfords and all styles and widths. We can save you some money in this department.

RICHARDS, KLEIN & CO.

GET A BARGAIN LIST

And be on hand promptly at nine o'clock

WEDNESDAY MORNING

And come prepared to buy.

Don't Bother Your Brains

About how we can afford to sell goods at such prices,

NOR GET THE FOOLISH IDEA

Into your head that we have been robbing you heretofore, just because we choose to loose a few hundreds on winter goods rather than carry them over. You make your money do all it will without any regard for us.

Remember this is positively the last cut sale for this winter.

J. H. Anderson & Co.,

HOPKINSVILLE'S GREATEST STORE.

SPRING TRADE SALE!

From Monday, March 6th,

To Saturday, March 18th.

Gaze on these figures for clean fresh goods.

Nothing old or shop-worn.

LADIES and MISSES.

Bolton's Shoes, regular price	\$5 00	Spring Trade price	\$3 99
Bolton's shoes, regular price	4 00	" " "	2 99
Bolton's shoes, regular price	3 50	" " "	2 49
Bolton's shoes, regular price	3 00	" " "	2 25
275 prs. ladies shoes regular price	2 50	" " "	1 99
75 prs. ladies shoes regular price	2 00	" " "	1 50
8 prs. old ladies shoes reg. price	1 50	" " "	1 00
15 prs. Misses shoes reg. price	1 25	" " "	99
30 prs. Misses shoes reg. price	1 00	" " "	75
70 prs. old ladies shoes reg. price	2 00	" " "	1 49
20 prs. ladies button goat reg. price	2 00	" " "	1 49
36 prs. ladies glove gr. front lace	1 25	" " "	75
36 prs. ladies glove gr. button	1 25	" " "	75
36 prs. ladies long button shoes	1 25	" " "	75
24 prs. kid spr. regular price	50	" " "	24
A broken lot of school shoes reg.	1 00	" " "	72
A broken lot of school shoes reg.	1 25	" " "	99
A broken lot of school shoes reg.	90	" " "	50

MEN'S AND BOYS'.

28 prs. Emerson's shoes regular price	\$6 00	Spring Trade Price	3 99
31 prs. Emerson's shoes regular price	5 00	Spring Trade Price	3 49
21 prs. Emerson's shoes regular price	3 25	Spring Trade Price	2 25
49 pairs Hocker's shoes regular price	3 00	Spring Trade Price	2 25
32 pairs Calf Lace shoes regular price	2 50	Spring Trade Price	1 88
12 pairs Congress & Lace shoes reg. price	3 00	Spring Trade Price	2 25
44 pairs Congress & Lace shoes reg. price	1 25	Spring Trade Price	98
9 pairs Boys' Lace shoes regular price	1 25	Spring Trade Price	99
28 prs. boys' cog. nub. and ball reg. price	1 75	Spring Trade Price	1 26
48 pairs men's cong. and lace reg. price	1 50	Spring Trade Price	1 15
Boston Shoe Polish regular price	25	Spring Trade Price	10
Gilt edge shoe polish regular price	25	Spring Trade Price	10
Glycerole regular price	24	Spring Trade Price	10
50 pairs oil gr. Creedmore reg. Price	2 50	Spring Trade Price	1 99

ANY BOOT IN THE HOUSE AT PRIME COST.

A number of other small lots of Shoes, broken sizes, at less than cost. Remember these goods will be placed on sale

MONDAY—MARCH 6—MONDAY

Thomas Rodman,

BUSH'S OLD STAND.

HARNESS AND SADDLERY

No. 8 Ninth Street

Always on the look-out for the interest of our customers, we have taken ANOTHER STEP FORWARD. Our plan is to give the First Monday in Every Month of this Year exclusively to our customers, by giving them wholesale prices on special lines each month. To Start This Off Monday, April 3rd, Every set of BUGGY HARNESS in our house will be marked down 20 to 45 per cent. to our "County Court" prices. These are not old and shop-worn, but new, clean goods. Watch for the special "County Court" sale each month, and remember we will do just what we say.

F. YOST & COMPANY.